I couldn't say it then, no,
I couldn't say it then.

When you told me
your first lover,
a white man,
wanted you to spit,
shit, piss on,
fist-fuck and
throw him down stairs,
alarms should have
blared forth
like hordes
of screaming queens.

When you said
in the beginning
you beat up Black men
after you fucked them,
when you said
in the last year
you were buying crack
for Black men
who let you fuck 'em,
alarms should have
deafened me for life.

When you told me
you once tied a naked man
between two trees
in an isolated,
wooded area,
debased him,
leaving him there
for several days,
then sent others

to rape him and feed him,
my head should have exploded
into shrapnel
and killed us both.

When you swore you loved me
and claimed to be sent here
to protect me,
I should have put bullets
in my temple
or flaming swords
up my ass.

Feeling my usual
sexual vexations,
I came here then,
seeking only pleasure,
dressed for the easy seduction.
I never considered
carrying a cross.
I had no intention
of being another queen
looking out
at the morning rain
from the Wailing Wall,
hoping to spy a brutish man
with a nearby home.
Slouching through Homo Heights,
I came to the Tomb of Sorrow
seeking penetration and Black seed.
My self-inflicted injuries occurred
when I began loving you
and trusting you.